

# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsmiling spaces  
blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so  
pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else from me is drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade  
and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abundant  
grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar, beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many man-  
sions,  
Some sheltering shade, where sin and  
striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green  
expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me  
stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath Thy trees of heal-  
ing,  
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## STORY TELLER.

### THE SECOND DANCE.

"Who is that uninteresting Dr. Stein who was introduced to me before? How do you come to this acquisition, Irene?" Baroness Elelia asked of Countess Irene Balfur, the young hostess, in the ballroom.

"It is very simple," replied the latter. "Dr. Stein is a mineralogist. He has been stopping down in the village for several days to take advantage of our quarry for the purpose of his researches. Papa became acquainted with him, and in consequence of his usual cordiality he has brought this baser mineral among our set of select precious stone.

"This plebeian pebble, however, seems to consider himself quite on a par with us. He was artless enough to ask me for a dance, the second quadrille, think of it! to ask me when I promised the last extra a week ago!"

"Well, it seems he was not discouraged by one refusal. I, too, have just declined his invitation for the second quadrille. Besides, I did not save the dance to give it to this Dr. Stein!"

A bevy of younger ladies, all in dainty ball gowns, gathered about Irene and Elelia. It transpired to the amusement of them all that Dr. Stein had been refused the same second quadrille by each of them.

All declined on the same ground—that they would not squander such a dance on an uninteresting civilian without name or rank.

What a deplorable contrast his appearance and that of the lieutenants of the cuirassiers and officers of the hussars in the ballroom! It would be ridiculous to dance with such a man.

"I call that loyalty," said Irene. "Bravo, girls! Now, my stepsister is the only one left. There she is. I am really curious to know—Inez! Do come here! Did Dr. Stein ask you for the second quadrille?" she asked of the young lady approaching.

"Yes; just a moment ago."  
"And you gave him the dance?"  
"Yes—why shouldn't I?"

"Ah! I thought so! Then let me tell you that you accepted after he had been refused by us all for the same dance."

"So much the better that I still had the quadrille unengaged."  
"You are indescribably artless or at least you pretend to be so."

"If you purposely offended Dr. Stein, I am glad that I can make some amends. He is papa's guest, and I shall treat him as such," Inez answered calmly and departed.

"See!" said Irene to Elelia, "she is just as unbearable all the time—so different from us."

Inez was the daughter of Count Balfur by his first marriage with a woman of limited means. The second time he married a countess of great wealth and the possessor of many estates.

Irene was the only child of this second marriage and the sole heiress of her mother. Inez's prospects of an inheritance from her father were not very brilliant, and consequently at four and twenty she was still unmarried in spite of her winning ways and extraordinary amount of common

sense, which had soon influenced her to zealous activity.

She was at the head of the large household and took upon herself all the work, which her stepmother disdained to do. Besides, she found time for deep study and intellectual work. The 18-year-old Irene, a charming, brilliant creature, was the spoiled darling of her mother and of society.

She tyrannized her father and the entire household. The countess had begun to make a match between her and Prince Ysenloh, a distant relative. She did not know him, but was sure he was extremely wealthy and very peculiar. Instead of enjoying life he was devoting himself to study and research, seeking his sole recreation in traveling around the world. Upon the advice of the countess he fell in with her plans, with his 35 years, it was high time to think of marrying, as he wrote to her.

The countess was expecting his arrival at Kumerau castle in the near future with intense interest. She did not doubt that Irene, with her irresistible charms, would soon cure him of his peculiarities and change him to an enjoyable as well as obedient husband.

"Why don't you dance, Dr. Stein?" asked Irene sarcastically, when she happened to come upon him during an intermission. He had been leaning meditatively in the recess of a window, not taking part in the dance.

"Because I found no partner," he retorted, with a queer smile.

"Too bad! I am afraid you will long for your stones and will find life among us unbearable."

She looked down upon him and played with her fan.

"And do you find the life you lead bearable, countess?"

"What a singular question?"

"I should think a person of your talent would not feel satisfied with it. Grace, versatility, elegance and a little wit are certainly necessary to successfully conduct these dances, hunts, lawn tennis and billiard games, playing charades and singing duets, to arrange social games and theatricals, but no understanding, no intellect, no self-sacrificing activity—nothing of that which makes the true worth of a human being."

"Dr. Stein, not all people are created to dig for minerals, to work leather or to invent machinery. We, too, have our rights. We aristocrats are the blossoms on the tree of civilization. I grant you that what we are with our refined taste, our harmonious physical and spiritual culture and our ennobled humanity we owe to the work of centuries, but we are wholly that which the laboring class objects to. We are the result. We are the higher man."

Dr. Stein smiled again.

"Up to this time I have found the higher race of men only in the workshops, there where it is necessary to apply the whole being to attain the goal—there, where it is imperative to overcome all encumbrances, all obstacles and threatening dangers, or to do small labors with patience and self sacrifice for the benefit of the community, in the spirit of brotherly love or merely for the sake of truth. On a fox hunt, with oysters and champagne, or in a quadrille, the higher man has never manifested himself."

"You are partial, and you are a democrat," Irene cried in anger, forgetting herself. "Labor belongs to the plebe, and the enjoyment of its fruits to the aristocrat. It has ever been thus. One cannot put a noble horse to the plow."

She turned her back on Dr. Stein and joined the ranks of the dancers. "Are you not dancing, countess?" Dr. Stein asked of Inez, whom he met finally after a long, vain search among the servants in the dining hall, where she was giving orders and directing the butler as to the wines for the table.

"I must stop at times to look after things," was the friendly reply. "One cannot always depend upon the servants."

"And you do not shun work?"

"No, indeed. I could not live without it. I am old enough to know the blessings of labor."

It was not long before the young lady and the scientist had entered upon a conversation which involved the deepest and gravest interests of life. The consciousness that they were of sympathetic dispositions, having the same goal, turned away from the trivialities of life, seeking the grand, the good and the true and accomplishing it with faithful labor, added a great charm to their interchange of ideas.

For the first time in her life Inez

felt that she was being understood and appreciated in her best pursuits.

A deeply felt sympathy attracted her to the unassuming man whose noble, dignified opinions and firmness of character became more evident to her with every word, and who, with his intellectual superiority, showed so much modesty and liberality of judgment.

They went back to the ballroom, but always met again in the intermission irresistibly drawn to each other and inexhaustible in their mutual ideas.

"That is just like Inez," said Irene angrily to Elelia, "to begin a flirtation with Dr. Stein. It is simply shocking!"

It was shortly before the second quadrille that Dr. Stein asked Inez to be his wife. They were both alone in an adjoining apartment, where they had gone to cool off and refresh themselves from the heat of the ballroom.

"I hope you will not look upon my proposal as too hasty," he said. "I know you as if I had always lived with you. For the last week, ever since my arrival at Kumerau, I have taken notice of your doings. I will understand very well, however, that you ask for time to consider, as I am as yet a total stranger to you."

"I need no time to consider," said Inez, with radiant face. "The surroundings among which I have lived up to this time have always remained strange to me, but you seem like an old acquaintance. You are the friend whom I have always sought in vain."

"And do you not object to a plebeian name? Is the rank of a simple scientist not too low for you?"

"No. There is nothing in a name to me. It is simply the bearer whom I care for," smiled Inez.

Almost speechless with happiness, Dr. Stein clasped the young girl in his arms.

"Beloved," said he, "pardon this little mystification. Dr. Stein is my pseudonym with which I sign my scientific articles for publication. In private life I am Prince Ysenloh. I hope you will not object to that title either."

Inez looked up in surprise.

"No," she answered, "you will always remain the same to me."

In the first joy of their union they overheard footsteps at the door.

"Inez!" Countess Balfur called sharply. "How can you forget yourself to such an extent? What a scandal!"

"Countess," the prince quickly interrupted; "you surprised two happy people. We ask your blessing. I have only to state that besides my title as scientist, under which I live in public, I have also the private name Ysenloh, with which, I believe the countess is acquainted."

"I may hope that you are not averse to our union, as you kindly gave your consent to such an arrangement between one of your daughters and myself."

The countess nearly fainted away, but there was nothing to do but to compose herself and to congratulate the happy pair.

"Now we must return quickly to the ballroom, so as not to miss the second quadrille," said the prince, after the count who had been called, had gladly given his paternal blessing.

The count insisted upon accompanying the betrothed couple into the ballroom there to publicly proclaim the engagement before the beginning of the quadrille. The news flashed like lightning among the dancers, and there was not one among the young ladies who did not secretly rue the fact that she had refused Dr. Stein the second quadrille, and who would not have given up ten years of her life atone for the error.

Irene was beside herself and could restrain her self-possession with difficulty as she was doomed to dance opposite the happy pair.

Inez and the prince were so enraptured that they had no thought of either the good will or jealous of their neighbors. Their marriage later was a happy laboring in common to benefit humanity, to further progress and enlightenment, to battle for light and truth.—Translated by Anna L. Wangeman for Chicago News.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Appointments.

Friday, Nov. 3rd—Providence, All Saint's Church, Guild-room, 850 Westminster Street, 7.30 P.M.  
Sunday, Nov. 5th—Boston and Beverly.  
Monday, Nov. 6th—Worcester, All Saint's Chapel, 7.30 P.M.

## DEAD TO THE WORLD.

A MAN INJURED SO BADLY HE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT HURT HIM.

Two weeks ago to-day there was a fearful dynamite explosion in front of a sailor's boarding-house in San Francisco. Two men were killed outright and several were injured. Among the latter, was one man named Charles Barnard. A reporter of the San Francisco Examiner writes thus of his sad condition:

The shock of the explosion burst in the drums of both his ears. His right eye was blown from its socket and left hanging upon the cheek. The sight of his other eye was destroyed. That he was not killed outright was due to the fact that he stood behind McGinnis when the explosion occurred and was partly shielded by the latter's body. As it was he was lifted from the ground and thrown fully twenty feet into the street.

The Marine Hospital, where he now is, is out on the Presidio Reservation. It is beautifully located. The ocean is in view beyond it, and in the misty distance across the blue of the waters is the faint loom of the promontory of Point Reyes. The smooth expanse of mountain lake, fringed with yellow water-lilies, nestles in a basin in front of the place. The hospital grounds are laid out in parterres of flowers that scent the air and attract wild birds to sing among them. Over the pleasant porticoes of the buildings nasturtiums clamber and blossom in masses of fragrant flame.

DEAF AND BLIND.

But Barnard will never be able to look upon the charming scenes which open to view from the window by his cot. He will never see the flowers which swing from the porches and brighten the lawns. He will never hear the birds that sing sweetly among them. He is deaf and blind.

While at the Receiving Hospital the wounded man told a partial account of his experiences on that fatal night. As he could not be questioned because of his deafness his story remained incomplete, for the surgeons could not spare the time to make him understand their queries through signs which only his sense of touch could interpret.

An Examiner reporter saw him yesterday, and after an hour or more of patient work got the full story from him. He has no idea of the horror of that night. He does not know that any one besides himself was injured. He cannot hear the stories about the fate of his companions. He cannot read them. His dazed mind has been harboring the idea that he was sand-bagged.

He is an inmate of Ward B. To prevent the weight of the coverlets from pressing painfully upon his wounded limbs a wooden frame, or cradle, as it is called, has been placed above them. It rises to the height of two feet or more at the foot of his cot. The covers are spread over it and keep in the warmth. Ligatures are bound about his head, covering his eyes and ears. He is intelligent, and asks for what he wants and courteously thanks those who minister to him. But unless he needs attention he is very quiet, and has heretofore preserved a silence as profound as the silence of the outer world to his unhearing ears.

HOW HE WAS INTERVIEWED.

It was a difficult task to interview such a man. When the reporter sat beside his cot and touched his hand, Barnard turned his face upon the pillow to show that he was attentive. The reporter took the injured man's toil-hardened hand in his own, and with the point of his finger spelled out upon the palm, slowly, "Tell me your story."

Barnard did not understand. "This is Saturday," he said. "It was a week ago to-night that I got hurt."

He became mute again and lay propped up on the pillow as if he were dead. The words, "Tell me your story," were printed upon his palm, upon the back of his hand, upon the more sensitive flesh of his arm, over and over again. He could not understand and said never a word in answer.

The letters were printed largely so that the various points of touch would be distinct to his sensibilities. The method of communication was tried upon a sailor who stood watching by the bedside. With his eyes shut the sailor made out words printed upon his hand. Another seaman who understood the sign-alphabet of the deaf and dumb was summoned. With Barnard's own fingers he spelled the

words, "Tell me your story." It was no avail. Barnard could not comprehend.

Then to simplify matters, the word "story" alone was spelled and spelled without results. Finally the reporter took Barnard's index finger and upon the counterpane across the front of the cradle over his legs again marked the word "story."

There was no mistaking the letters then. Barnard, too, was given to understand that he was being interviewed by having a roll of paper and a pencil thrust into his hand. He smiled when his hand grasped them as if he had first become aware of what was wanted of him.

THE STORY HE TOLD.

"S-t-o-r-y," he said, pronouncing each letter. "You want my story, do you? Well, I don't know much. I got hurt a week ago to-night."

"We had been to the theatre," he continued, "me and Johnny Curtin, 'Brick' McGinnis and some more fellows. The National Theatre, I think it was. The play of 'Evans and Sontag' was being acted there. When it was over we went to a saloon on Geary Street, near Stockton, and spent considerable time fooling with the electrical machines. All of us got weighed. Then we went for a little while among the saloons on the Barbary Coast."

"When we got to Curtin's boarding-house on Main Street—334 Main Street; you can go there and get some information—I told the fellows good-by, and was about to open the door and go upstairs to bed, when all of a sudden something struck me across the eyes. I dropped insensible, and did not know anything more until I came to myself in the hospital."

Barnard stopped speaking. That was all he knew. He waited for other questions.

"What struck you?" was printed out with his finger upon the counterpane.

"What struck me?" he said, repeating the question. "I don't know. It was something hard and solid. It struck me right here across the bridge of the nose and on my two eyes. I can't imagine what it was or who did it. None of the fellows with me did it. I am sure of that. They were all my friends. I think somebody sneaked out of the alley nearby and hit me with a sandbag. I don't know what for."

ENTIRELY IGNORANT OF THE TRAGEDY.

He was ignorant of the death of his companions. He thought that he alone was injured. He had no idea that he was the victim of a dynamite plot.

"Did you see a valise?" he was asked by means of his index finger.

"Valise?" he said. The mention of it was a surprise to him. "Valise? I don't know what you mean."

"Did you see anybody moving in the street?" was the next question. It took long to get Barnard to understand it.

"No," he said at last, "I saw no one. The man who hit me with the sandbag must have stolen upon me from the alley. I saw nobody about."

"Now, I tell you what to do. You go down to Curtin's boarding-house. It is down on Main street, near Harrison—334 is the number. It is a bluish sort of a house on the right-hand side as you go up the hill. You can't miss it. You'll find McGinnis there—'Brick' we call him, because his head is red. He was with me the night I got slugged. He can tell you all about it."

He was not enlightened. In his silence and darkness it is thought best to leave him unacquainted with the real incidents of that night of crime, which left him deaf and blind.—Berkeley, Cal., News.

Son—What is a deceiver?

Father (who is a little deaf)—A man, my boy, who is appointed by the courts to hold out promises to the creditors.—Hardward Review.

Two sons of the late Siamese twins Chang and Eng, are living on adjoining farms which their fathers bought in Surrey County, N. C., after retiring from the show business.—Dutty Paper.

By the way, what has become of the deaf-mute son of the Siamese twins, Mr. Jesse Bunker, who formerly attended the New York Institution.

So vast are the ruins of Pompeii that they cannot all be excavated, at the ordinary rate of progress before the middle of the next century.

## DEAF AND DUMB.

AUGUST DOBECK GOT INTO FAMILY DISPUTE AND LOST HIS POWERS OF SPEECH AND OF HEARING.

Lot's wife was turned to a pillar of salt for reasons well known to the public.

August Dobeck of this town was struck deaf and dumb because he got into a dispute with his wife, became heated and drank beer before he had cooled off.

Surely modern times have miracles as miraculous as ancient times!

August Dobeck is a big, brawny chap, who was born in Germany 52 years ago, learned the weaver's trade, entered the army of the fatherland, fought in the battles of 1866 and 1870, rose to some military rank, afterward trained horses for a circus, and finally, five years ago, came to this country.

Ten days ago he left his loom in the Lancaster mills here and went to his home on Ace Street. It was evening. His labor was done. He was in perfect health to all appearances.

Now this German gentleman has the reputation—a reputation from the lips of his own brother, sons and a co-worker at the loom—of being an excitable individual who wants to have his own way. The discipline of the army has undoubtedly made him a disciplinarian.

All accounts agree that on the night in question he became involved in a warfare of words—nothing more—with his estimable wife, a woman small of stature and light in weight.

Between the acts of these domestic scenes he sent to a neighboring saloon to secure 15 cents' worth of beer. The beer arrived he blew off the foam, took a quaff and—hardly spoke again. Peace reigned in the household, as well as consternation.

August Dobeck heard a sound like the whirring of a thousand spindles of a cotton mill in his head. He was short of breath.

Next morning his tongue and ears were useless.

Think of the change from perfect manhood to

A PERFECT DEAF-MUTE

inside the hours of an ordinary day. But he went to work, as usual.

His old companions, who had been wont to exchange salutations with him at the factory gate, gave him greeting, but he said not a word—in fact, did not even hear them—and passed on.

His loom fixer had been trying to make repairs, and things were slightly out of gear. This young man approached Dobeck and tried to explain, but was waved aside. He was astonished, but his astonishment soon turned to pity when he learned from the gesticulations the true condition of the weaver.

Medical science is at a loss to account for this case. It seems to stand alone, unique, unparalleled.

Dr. P. T. O'Brien says:

"Dobeck, when he came to my office eight days ago, was a deaf-mute. He could hear nothing and could not speak a word. He had a buzzing in his head."

"Otherwise he was as healthy a man as can be found anywhere."

"I was informed that while in a passion, and after drinking a glass of beer, he found himself in the condition I have described. I ordered him, professionally, to keep from anger and eschew liquor and tobacco, at the same time prescribing medicine."

"Dobeck improved but little at first, but when he returned to my office on Friday of last week he could just barely ejaculate 'yes' and 'no.'"

"The pupils of his eyes were dilated, which ordinarily would indicate a sort of comatose state, but in the case of this man it indicated nothing of the sort, for

HIS MIND WAS AS BRIGHT

as a new silver dollar.

"How did I know, why he wrote on paper a description of how he felt, etc."

"To-day I saw the patient. He can speak now with ease. I tested his sense of hearing and found that he could distinguish sounds somewhat. He appears to be on the road to complete recovery."

"Yes, it is indeed a strange case. I never heard of the like before, and I have searched the medical books in vain for a parallel to it. I have written to various eminent physicians since I have been treating this man to secure any information they may possess which may give me some light."

"No; I can't tell you with certainty what caused Dobeck to become a deaf-

mute so suddenly. I call it, for lack of a better term at this time, paralysis of the nerves. I think there must have been some kind of a hemorrhage somewhere, but where I don't know."

A Globe reporter was at the Lancaster mills to-day and Dobeck was called to the office. He came in from his loom, his big body, six feet from head to foot, clad in jumper and overalls. He had on a slouch hat, but the rim did not hide his bright sharp eyes. His long beard was streaked with gray. He had a military walk and uprightness.

Now it is a difficult task to

INTERVIEW A DEAF-MUTE.

if you don't understand the sign language. The reporter invented a little system of communication.

Pointing at the lips meant "Can you talk?"

Dobeck began to pour forth a perfect torrent of words. That was a surprise and it proved that he was no longer mute.

Pointing at the ears meant, "Can you hear?"

Dobeck said, "No."

Tapping the head meant, "How do you feel?"

Dobeck declared that he was all right except for a buzzing inside his head and a shortness of breath.

The doctor said later that the shortness of breath was doubtless caused by medicines administered.

But this mode of interviewing was too tedious and unsatisfactory.

Dobeck's brother, who works in the same mill, was called into the office, together with the loom fixer and they imparted most of the facts, not of a medical nature contained in this story.

At times all three engaged in animated conversation all by themselves. English and German were intermingled with animated gestures.

Dobeck, the deaf, would be asked questions and sometimes answer as if he understood, but the brother and the loom-fixer averred that he couldn't hear a word.

The man who was absolutely silent for four days, and for five days since has said but little, is a great talker when he can talk. A friend said that he would undoubtedly make up for lost time with tales of war and adventure, which he loves to narrate, just as soon as he again got an opportunity.

Dobeck lives with his wife and three sons in a double tenement house about one and one-half miles from the center of the town. He is widely known among the citizens of German descent.

His case would indeed be a pathetic one if it were not for the evidence of a speedy recovery. With his power of speech returned and his sense of hearing improving, the queer side and the ludicrous incidents can be described without offense.

Moral—Never dispute with your wife.

Not Expert in Sign Language.

BELLEVUE CLERKS COULDN'T EVEN TELL THAT THIS DEAF-MUTE WAS HUNGRY.

A poorly dressed man walked into the reception office at Bellevue Hospital on Tuesday night and sat down on one of the unoccupied benches so quietly that none of the clerks noticed him until he walked into the middle of the room and began to flourish his heavy cane. When one of the clerks asked him what he wanted he opened his mouth wide, ducked his head a couple of times and beat the air with his cane. No one in the office could get a word out of him. He was deaf and dumb.

One of the clerks produced a piece of paper and a pencil and offered them to the stranger. The man took the pencil in his hand for a moment, looked about the office in a dazed condition, and then opened his mouth again. The clerk wrote a sentence on the paper, but the man shook his head. Then he sat down on the bench once more, beating the end of his cane violently upon the floor. No one in the hospital could learn his name or what was the matter with him.

He was finally taken to the work-house ward. A loaf of bread and a cup of molasses were standing on a table in one corner of the ward. The mute uttered a few inarticulate sounds, dropped his cane on the floor, and seized the bread in both hands. He broke the loaf into several pieces, and covering the pieces with molasses, bolted them down before the astonished eyes of all the other occupants of the ward. Then he sat down in a corner and fell asleep.—N. Y. Sun Oct. 19.



# THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1893.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

ONE or two institution papers have commented upon the system of religious exercises inaugurated at the New York Institution. Our Kentucky contemporary evidently has misunderstood the nature of the change. It is due to the public and to friends and relatives of the pupils that they be presented with a clear statement of the facts. Religious exercises have not only not been discontinued in the morning of every school day, but have been made more effective. The former custom of gathering all into the chapel for a fifteen-minute discourse has been abandoned on week days, but on Sundays, morning and afternoon services are held in the chapel with all pupils present.

To any one who is in the slightest degree cognizant of the difficulties in the way of adapting a religious discourse to suit all grades of understanding, it seems unnecessary to assert that a number of discourses (or explanations, as the case may be) on morals and spiritual truths, by as many different teachers, each adapted to the class addressed, has advantages that could in no other way be secured. Reference to the "Fanwood" column will show that this is exactly what has been aimed at in the New York Institution, and also what has been accomplished. The idea that the change was made in order to economize time, no matter how laudable that may appear in the eyes of many, is altogether wrong. Neither was it done either to avoid or to cultivate sectarianism. While the religious beliefs of all are respected, the instruction given is upon that broad basis of Divine Truth on which all creeds are agreed. We do not question the worthy motives of those papers that have criticized what we regard as a step forward in educational work, but would prefer to see the criticism based upon facts and not misconception or airy imagination.

THE Minnesota Companion announces that Mr. Charles Gillett, son of Dr. Philip G. Gillett, has been elected superintendent of the Minnesota Institution for the time being. Dr. Noyes has been granted a vacation until the remainder of the school term, with full pay. We presume that Dr. Noyes is expected to be well enough to resume his office at the beginning of the next school year, though no information as to his present condition is vouchsafed by the Companion.

Mr. Charles Gillett has been closely associated with his father in the management of the Illinois Institution, and brings to his new position a knowledge and experience in institutional affairs that will be of immense help in the performance of the duties of his responsible position. Mr. Gillett did not seek the position; in this instance, it is emphatically stated, the position sought the man. His first official act was to notify parents of pupils that no changes would be made among the teachers and officers. We wish Mr. Gillett an administration that will do him credit and earn the encomiums of Dr. Noyes when he returns to his post once more.

THE custom of compelling pupils of a school to wear uniforms, is not a new one; but the Ohio Institution takes the lead in the suggestion that officers wear uniform while on duty. We hope the custom will not spread to the teachers. It would be odd to see them in the classroom in navy-blue, wearing epaulets and brass buttons.

# ITEMIZER.

## Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

Mr. Thomas J. Dwyer, of Catskill, N. Y., visited Albany, N. Y., last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Meyer, of Cleveland, O., have gone to Florida, where they will remain all winter.

Mr. Henry Held, of Albany, N. Y., has returned home from a pleasant visit at Iliou, N. Y., where he was the guest of Mr. Joseph D. Lever, for the past three weeks.

A bouncing boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirchner, of New York City, Sunday, October 23d, weighing ten and a half pounds. Mother and baby are doing well.

Louis Lyons was one of the deaf-mute enthusiasts at the World's Fair on "Chicago Day," as also on "Manhattan Day." He spent six hours in the New York State Building. Being an old-time New Yorker, he admires everything coming from the Empire State.

Mr. W. E. Hoy will spend the winter in California, playing in center-field for Nasli's aggregation of baseball talent. The club will be known as the Boston Baseball Club, and will contain a number of stars. The opening game will be played in San Francisco on Oct. 29th.

Mrs. Simon T. Garlock, of Gloversville, N. Y., who has been visiting her son, E. A. Garlock, at Dayton, O., for the past two months, has returned home. She was met at Rome, N. Y., by her husband, at which city she spent a few days with Prof. J. Edwin Story, calling on old friends and acquaintances.

Miss Alice C. Jennings, of Auburnville, Mass., is now in New York City, the guest of Mrs. E. A. Hodgson for a couple of weeks. Miss Jennings is a graduate of the Horace Mann School, and is widely known as a writer of both prose and poetry. She has written a volume of poems entitled "Heart Echoes," which is published by the press of Rand, Avery & Co., Boston, and which contains verse that can be excelled by very few of the poets of the present day.

## By State and Pencil.

An unusually interesting wedding ceremony took place at the residence of Mr. W. Reed, on W. 2nd Street, October 4. The acting parties were Mr. William Sullivan, a recent graduate of the Nebraska City Deaf and Dumb school, and Miss Agnes Moore, the adopted daughter of Mr. Reed, also deaf and dumb. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. F. E. Martin. With the assistance of a slate and pencil the reverend gentleman succeeded in tying the knot which made them one flesh. The *Advertiser* joins their friends in wishing them a long and happy life.—*West Point, Neb., Advertiser, Oct. 17.*

## A Subterfuge Well Worked.

A beggar tramp at Niles, Mich., was arrested under the mendicancy act, and as he was deaf and dumb, or pretended to be, the justice remarked that he would send him up for a year as an act of charity. At this point in the proceedings the Court was interrupted by the prisoner with the inquiry: "Say, Judge, if I could talk, how much would you give me?" "Ninety days," replied his Honor. "Well, Judge, I can talk, and I ain't deaf. Can't you let me off for nothing?" He got ninety days.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## A Deaf Mute Saved.

We are neither dead nor sleeping at Mankato, Minn., but are still marching on. Our halloinjah breakfast at 7 o'clock Sunday morning was a blessing to many souls, but the holiness meeting was the crowning time, when six came out for more of God and His love and received what they came for. At the close of the night meeting three came and sought salvation, one of them a deaf and dumb boy, who felt the Lord had saved him. Our soldiers are determined to whip the devil and sin, and we know our God must reign.—*The War Cry, July 29, 1893.*

## MR. WHITE DECLINES.

I am much obliged to Prof. Veditz, of Colorado, the chairman of our executive committee, for my appointment as a member of the committee to prepare the publication of the proceedings of our Congress at Chicago, but as the work is to be done at the expense of the National Association, I must decline the task, as I can not conscientiously take part in any object of which I do not approve. Don't tell me that everybody would be so eagerly pushing against each other to pay 50 cents or \$1 for a copy. I know better. It is a vain, delusive hope, and the only parties who would derive any benefit from it, and such a benefit as seeing one's name in print, would be those seekers after glory who, unfortunately for the Associations, are too numerous just now and anxious to profit by other people's money, not their own. The National Association will have to whistle for the greater part of its funds.

HENRY C. WHITE.

## Dancing and Early Art.

It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it will seem a kind of sacrilege to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made some would choose to make it along other lines than those of hand but, in truth, the dance supplies set with the key, so to speak, of our development of the fine arts.—*David J. Hill in Popular Science Monthly.*

# WHISPERINGS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is Brighton, Mass.

George Abrams says that while he was in New York recently to attend the yacht races, he called to see Mr. John Wilkinson, a native of Lowell, Mass.

That was a pleasant surprise party on Mrs. W. H. Goldsmith of Cambridgeport on the 18th inst. The occasion was a triple anniversary of three important events in the family—Mrs. Goldsmith's birthday anniversary of August 12th last, her daughter's birthday on September 30th, and the 22d anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith's wedding on October 18th. A large party of friends was present to testify to the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith were held. Among the presents were a heavy quartered oak extension table from the husband to the wife, a silver dessert set with a tray of the same metal from friends, a bouquet stand made by Mr. Duran of South Boston, a fine lamp with glass shade from the proprietor of the tea-store in the same building owned by Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith, a music stand of novel design for Emily Goldsmith, and a salt and pepper set from Miss Mary Lackie of Lowell. The music stand was a present from the father and mother. Ice-cream and cake were served to the guests. To Mr. Duran's untiring efforts, the success of the whole affair was due. He is a hustler.

Mrs. Harrington is a happy and proud young grandmother, her daughter Rosa, the wife of Mr. Bunker, the grocer of Brighton, having presented him with a fine boy.

The literary exercises of the Gallaudet Society held at St. Andrew's Hall on Chambers Street, last Tuesday evening, was well attended. Among those from the Boston Society were Mr. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Orcutt, Mr. and Mrs. Pattee, Henry A. Acheson and others. The meeting was started by a comical dialogue between Mr. Lane, representing a Quaker of Salem in Colonial times, and Mr. A. A. Small as Capt. Binks. An interesting essay was read by Mrs. Frisbee on moral influences for the young, and gave a forcible illustration of her lecture by a story of three wayward boys whose unfortunate bringing up landed them in jail. A graceful rendering of "Cupid's Birth and Triumph" was given in all the beauty of the sign language by Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes. A lively debate between Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Tufts on the question "Resolved, That the mind gains more benefit from reading than observation." Mr. Tufts upheld the affirmative side of the question, and, for a wonder, he was declared by the judges, Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Lane and Mr. Holmes, to have won his side of the question. Mr. Creamer, the critic, had a word of praise for all and a mild criticism for a few. Mr. Small told something of the stampede of wild cattle from Brighton which nearly resulted in his death. A drove of Texas steers ran amuck over Watertown, Arlington, Belmont, Cambridge, and amateur cowboys from Brighton went out after them for a day and a night, shooting them down wherever they could. Mr. Small was stooping his tall form over the lettuce beds in the Belmont conservatory, when a bullet went crashing through a pane of glass behind him and passed over his body to the opposite side. Had he been standing up, he would have got it in the back. The shot was fired by one of the amateur cowboys.

Mr. Sanford Bray has been awarded a patent for an improvement of his own in a glass-elevator. As I understand it, he invented an adjustable form of glass-elevator which could be taken off or put on by any amateur without the necessity of buying a new set whenever the sharp edge has worn off.

Mrs. Wright, of Lowell, was present at the Goldsmith surprise party and was their guest for a few days.

The other evening Harry Babbitt and Henry Acheson took a stroll around the West End and met twenty-seven deaf-mutes by actual count in a single night. About eleven of them were graduates of oral schools. Messrs. Acheson and Babbitt were at the depot to see Eugene Acheson off for Chicago, two weeks ago.

At last the separation has come. It was voted at the meeting of the Mutual Benefit Society on the 20th, that the funds of that society and those of the Charitable Relief Society should be divided between them, and a committee was appointed to make the division. The Charitable Relief Society will be composed wholly of ladies, and the Mutual Benefit Society will be officered probably by gentlemen. Everybody will be satisfied except, perhaps, "incorporation friends" who will insist that the Mutual Benefit Society should report itself to the State Insurance Commissioners under penalty of a fine or imprisonment.

## BETWEEN OURSELVES.

The spectacle in the New Jersey School of a professor giving the pupils an important lecture by means of finger-spelling must have made the profession laugh, and no wonder, for the simplicity of the principal in thus imagining that mere words without the sense being understood by the victims of the experiment, was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The lecturer, who is said by all accounts to be a *savant* and well acquainted with the sign-language, deserved better treatment than to be obliged to turn the crank to so little purpose. It was pity that the story of his travels,

which must have been very interesting and replete with useful information, should have been so uselessly wasted. The learned doctor may have fancied that he was imparting valuable information, but, alas! the truth must be told, and is, while the hundreds of eyes were looking at him, the mind had given up the herculean task of trying to make sense of the lecture, and was wandering away in space. I was a pupil once, and could well remember how my mind used to stray away from the religious services in signs while my eyes were still bent on the teacher. A striking illustration of this absent-mindedness can always be noticed on the faces of the majority of the pupils in every institution when they are wearied out and restless. Bad as the habit is under the sign-system, it is a hundred times worse under lip-reading or finger-spelling. The pupils may obtain relief from their *ennui* by paying better attention to the sign-lectures, but none from the oral or spelled lecture, and it is a positive torture to them. The medical attendant of the New Jersey School should exercise his authority to forbid this mental and physical torture of the poor children on the ground of cruelty. The strain on the eyes is hurtful enough and that on the mind dangerous, but the majority of the pupils save themselves from going crazy by not trying to comprehend the lecture. The institutions which attempt to use either the oral system or the manual in all its purity, would soon be connected into lunatic asylums. It is impossible to educate the deaf without signs. It can't be done. I was not taught in that way, and from an educated deaf-mute this is the strongest possible argument.

"D," in the *Silent World*, gives an interesting story of H. Humphrey Moore's successful and romantic career as an illustration of the best results of an education in a class with other deaf-mutes. If ever there was a case of the deaf restored to society, Mr. Moore is the one. He married a hearing princess of Spain and lives in the world of art and artists, rich and independent. "D" made all this very evident, but he took precious good care to say nothing of the sign system by which Mr. Moore was taught. He was not taught under the pure oral system, not under the pure finger method—and not even under the combined system, but under the pure sign method, only that and nothing more. Yet what success he has achieved under that simple but effective method! The least the oralist writers can do is to mention the method by which successful deaf-mutes have been taught and let that fact speak for itself. It is asking too great a self-sacrifice to ask them to immolate themselves on the altar of truth, for the benefit of a hated system which has achieved such wonders?

FREE LANCE.

## VIRGINIA NEWS.

The Board of Visitors of the Virginia Institution held their annual meeting in the institution library, on the 18th instant. The Board elected Mrs. Fanny Compton, of Harrisonburg, music teacher, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. Hammond. Mr. H. DeLong, of Pennsylvania, a recent graduate of the National Deaf Mute College, was elected to the position of the highest teacher in the deaf-mute department, at a salary of \$75 with board in the institution.

Mr. J. B. M. Frye, of Staunton, and Miss Maggie Vass, of near Low Moor, Va., were married on the 12th instant, at the home of the bride's mother. Both are graduates of the Virginia Institution. We extend our best wishes and congratulations.

Mr. James Holler, a worthy and industrious employee at the factory of A. J. Livick, of Staunton, was struck in the abdomen by a piece of timber, which was hurled from one of the machines. The *Spectator* says that his injuries while not dangerous, are quite painful, and at last accounts he was resting comfortably at his home. It is to be hoped he will recover speedily.

Miss Sallie Allen, of Rocky Mount, is visiting relatives in Prince Edward County. She expects to spend the winter there, and also to visit her old schoolmate, Miss May Barrow, of Farmville, soon. The *Goodwin Gazette* says that "Miss Lavinia Argabright has opened a studio at her home in Bluefield, and has enough orders for crayon and oil painting to keep her busy all through the coming winter months." We agree with the *Goodwin* that she is an expert in the use of the pencil and brush.

On Sunday afternoon, the 29th instant, religious services will be held in the chapel of the Episcopal church, Staunton, and the deaf of that city and those residing in the country are cordially invited to attend. Mr. W. A. Berkeley, missionary lay-reader of the Virginia Dioceses, will officiate.

Edward Chamberlayne has been quite sick with malarial fever, but is now greatly improved. He was taken ill in Roanoke several weeks ago and brought to his home in Staunton by his father.

ATWELL.

Amos French and family drove over to Kokomo, Ind., to make a few days' visit with their daughter, Miss Ella, and their mother, last week. Miss Ella has been there with her grandmother for three months, expects to be gone until summer, as she is attending school. Mr. French and family stopped at Fairmount, Ind., to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Leach for a day while returning home.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## The First "Lit" Meeting.

## JANE RUSH AND BANQUET OF '96.

Notes and Comments.

From our College Correspondent.

At the meeting of the "Lit," Mr. Sheridan, '94, was in the chair, and after roll call and the disposal of minutes of a previous meeting, the programme opened with an essay from Mr. Kershner, '94. "Marcus Tullius Cicero" was the subject of his well-prepared and elaborate essay. The question for debate was, "That the prosperity of the United States is on the rise." It being a question of the hour, each side contended manfully, and as the debate grew warm some hot discussion was the outcome. The affirmative side was headed by Mr. Bingham, '95, assisted by Lewis, '96, and the negative side by Mr. Williams, '95, upheld also by Merrill, '96. The points of debate related chiefly to the present condition of the country from the financial exigency. A dialogue followed upon the pronunciation of victory to the affirmative side. "A. D. 10,000," was the title of the dialogue between, Marcosson, '95, and Nicholson, '97. Mr. Nicholson was made a clairvoyant by the agency of hypnotism, and in a mesmeric state related the condition of the world then as compared with the present date. Mind-reading, he said, will be the universal medium of expressing thought between man and man; religion universal and physique perfect, and the era known as the millennium. Aerial navigation, he said, will be the only means of conveyance; at a height of four thousand feet the laws of gravitation, by a study of years, became a thing non-existent. By the flight of the airships at that height in opposition to the incoming motion of the earth, a revolution around the earth is effected in the marvelous short time of a few hours. Mind telegraphy, planetary intercourse and exchange of cordiality, and a process of heating the surface of earth from the internal heat, were among the inventions touched upon. Mr. Ashman, '97, declared "Twilight," and the critic *pro tem*, Mr. Divine, '94, gave his report.

The College was up to the old custom of holding a cane rush Saturday morning. For several weeks the Freshies have been longing for the imaginary dignity of swinging a cane, and consequently the sophomores were challenged to a settlement of same. Though the sport is looked on as a relic of barbarism in many colleges, our college has clung to the old custom.

It is an exercise that is hardly surpassed as a "test of physical endurance," and the boys of the opposing classes may proudly bear in mind that their "test of physical endurance" was admirably shown. The class of '96 won, but they had to fight almost to desperation to preserve their honor as the holders of the stick. It was necessary to win two rushes out of three, but three rushes were made, one being a draw.

"Peace hath her victories,  
More renowned than war."

This was well exemplified, in the case of the defeat of '97, when in the evening of the battle day the class was invited to a banquet tendered in their honor by '96.

Mr. Sullivan, '96, as president of the class, made a few appropriate remarks of welcome.

The class of '95 was also invited in remembrance of a previous encounter. In their behalf, Mr. Howard, '95, responded in his usual eloquent vein. Mr. Ashman, '97, president of the defeated class, responded in a very becoming manner to the victors, '96. The victory, he said, was fairly won by that class, and a well-earned one, also. The O. W. L. S. was represented by Miss Bickler, '94, who proceeded with a few remarks the presentation, through the president, of a miniature flag and staff with the class colors and figures.

The class was then indulged in for a time. Palatable refreshments added to the enjoyment of the occasion. A Virginia reel wound up the party, and every one present pronounced it a rare pleasure.

The marriage of Prof. J. J. Chickering, son of our professor, to Miss Russell, the daughter of ex-congressman Russell, of Massachusetts, will take place on the 28th inst., in Boston. A special train will carry the party from this place. Mr. Chickering has been known to the students and alumni for many years. His kind service in our athletics is remembered by many. Miss Russell is a scholar of the highest degree, and possesses great personal beauty, and Mr. Chickering is to be congratulated on the prize he has won. It is understood that he will make Washington his home, as he is the Principal of a preparatory department to the Columbia University.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Saturday Night Club has decided upon a play. It is named "The Bells," and was written by

Leopold Walker. It has not been decided yet when to give the play.

A challenge to a game of football from the Howards University was declined, and in consequence no game was played the past week. The Johns Hopkins game is still in process of negotiation.

Mr. James M. Stewart, '93, is teaching the boys of the Michigan Institution the game of football. Mr. Stewart was a very good player while here.

It is with great pleasure that we learn of the success our friend, Mr. Harvey DeLong, '93, has lately met with. We refer to his securing the position of teacher at the Virginia School at Staunton.

A cash prize for the best design on the front cover of *The Buff and Blue* has been awarded to Mr. Clarence Murday, '95. There were a number of contestants, but Mr. Murday captured the prize by his long experience in pencil and ink drawing. The college paper will have some artistic improvements in its first issue in November.

M. M.

## Forty-First Anniversary Services at St. Ann's Church.

The Rector of St. Ann's Church, West 18th Street, the Rev. Dr. Krans, preached the 41st Anniversary Sermon on the first Sunday in October. The number of baptisms reported was 40, confirmed 42, marriages 28, burials 29, a proportion in each case being deaf-mutes.

The aggregate of receipts for the year was \$31,794.73; \$8,479.58 being for current expenses, including \$1,000 from Trinity Church; and \$10,200 for the Endowment of the Gallaudet Home; \$11,642 for objects outside the Parish, and \$20,142.39 for those within. The deficit in current expenses for the year is \$1,500. Offerings towards paying off this amount were earnestly asked for from friends of the work outside the Parish. Offerings from without the Parish were also asked for the Endowment Fund, which now amounts to \$30,000 and which has been raised mostly within the Parish. The preacher said that unless this Fund was increased the Parish would *notens volens* be compelled by the instinct of self preservation to abandon its present condition—would be fairly driven from it by the pressure of circumstances. In addition to an Endowment Fund of \$150,000 the Parish needs \$75,000 or \$100,000 for taking down the present building and re-building, so as to include on the four lots a Church better adapted to the services, together with a Rectory and a Parish building; the difficulty of securing more land adjoining makes this desirable and necessary if the Parish is to continue where it is. In case help of this kind is not forthcoming it would be idle to think of going on permanently in West 18th Street, and the work of laying foundations elsewhere would have to be taken seriously up. The attention of friends of the general work among Deaf-Mutes, to which St. Ann's is pledged, is earnestly and seasonably asked to this,—for the Parish,—most pressing question, namely, Endowment or removal. The help which St. Ann's has received from friends outside the Parish in the past was cordially acknowledged, and generous appreciation was expressed for the sympathy and attention which the Bishop of New York has been ready to extend to this work among the "silent children" of his great Diocese.

At 2:45 p.m. there was a large congregation of deaf-mutes many of whom have been led by the ministrations of this Church to become communicants. At 8 p.m. the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet gave a historical sketch of the Church, explaining and illustrating the sign language and calling attention to the work which had grown out of St. Ann's for the benefit of deaf-mutes throughout the country. The Rev. Dr. Dix was present at this service making an address full of sympathy and encouragement, dwelling specially on the unique character of St. Ann's the adaptation of its founder to the work providentially entrusted to him and the fostering care of those who had been his supporters. He was thankful that St. Ann's had been aided from its beginning by Trinity Church.—*The Churchman, Oct. 14.*

## Trying a Deaf-Mute for Murder.

THREE JURIES WILL SETTLE VARIOUS QUESTIONS BEFORE HE IS PUT ON TRIAL.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 23.—Edward Wheary, a deaf-mute, charged with the murder of his brother's wife, will soon be tried under a novel method of procedure. Four juries will be sworn in. The first one is to find whether the prisoner is mute by pretense or by the visitation of God. The second jury will inquire whether the prisoner is capable of pleading to the indictment. The fact that he has been shown to be able to read and write, was taught in a deaf-mute school, and when the indictment was given to him, read it and made signs that he was not guilty, will doubtless be held to be sufficient evidence for the second jury to return an affirmative verdict.

The third jury will find whether he is sane. If this jury finds the prisoner is sane, a fourth jury will then try the prisoner upon the indictment as in ordinary cases, except that the evidence will not be interpreted to the prisoner.—*N. Y. Sun, Oct. 24, 1893.*

# IRELAND

From the Cork Constitution, Sept. 30.

The annual special service with Holy Communion took place yesterday noon at St. Mary's Shandon Church, Sunday's Well. The officiating clergymen were the Revs. Canon Powell, D. D., and George Herriek, M. A. (hon. sec'y). As on previous occasions the deaf-mutes came from all parts of Munster. The service was interpreted by Mr. F. Maginn (missionary of the society), and by Mr. F. Hewson (missionary of the Dublin Protestant Deaf and Dumb Association). The sermon, a most appropriate one, was preached by the Rev. George Herriek, and interpreted by Mr. Maginn from the text, Psalm ciii. 20—"Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments, hearkening unto the Voice of His Word."

Afterwards the deaf-mutes repaired to the handsome schoolroom, which adjoins the church, and there they were entertained to dinner. The ladies of the parish, as usual, were thoughtful and attentive to the want of the deaf-mutes, and did all they could to make them feel at home and happy. Having enjoyed a substantial dinner, quite a number of the deaf-mutes visited the Queen's College, under the guidance of Mr. S. Bence (catechist of the mission) and were interested with the various departments. Others stayed in the school where they had pleasant games.

After tea, in the evening, there was a meeting in the schoolroom, when Mr. F. Maginn gave an account of his trip to the World's Congress of the Deaf and Dumb at Chicago. He told them how kindly the New York deaf-mutes turned out to welcome the Irish delegates to the Congress. He concluded by hoping that the next World's Congress of the Deaf would be held in London.

Amongst those present at the school were—the Revs. Canon Powell, G. Herriek, Messrs. G. Hurst, G. Cox, F. Hea, M. Hewson, F. Maginn, F. S. Bence, Mrs. Benfer, Miss Beale, Misses Warren, Miss L. Williams, Misses Hayes, Miss B. Williams, Miss White, Miss Herriek, Miss Hombrook, Miss Darling, etc.

The committee are most anxious to carry on the work vigorously during the coming year, and earnestly appeal to the Christian public to help them to brighten the lives of the afflicted. Mr. F. Maginn, who is willing to undertake the duties of treasurer, will thankfully receive and acknowledge contributions. His address is Mission Hall for the Deaf and Dumb, 11 Fisherwick place, Belfast.

The subjoined is an editorial that appeared in the Cork Constitution simultaneously with the foregoing account of the mission to the adult deaf-mutes:—

"The annual special service under the auspices of the Mission to the Adult Deaf and Dumb held in Cork yesterday, once more recalls attention to the position of a class in the community deserving the deepest sympathy of those who are endowed with all the faculties which make life a pleasure. The deaf and dumb being in a very small minority, suffer sad inconvenience by not being able through the ordinary channels of communication to hold intercourse with their fellowmen actively engaged in the struggles of commerce, and until the Mission was established their lot was an extremely hard one. But Providence is very compensating, and has generously endowed the deaf and dumb with an amount of intelligence more than is to be found with the ordinary run of human beings. This intelligence, however, has not been developed to the extent to which it is capable of being brought. The State has been slow in the matter and the work has been thrown upon private generosity. That generosity has been willingly afforded, but it is not nearly so general as it should be. The public have much to learn of the extent of the work contemplated. As we understand it, the object of the Mission is to bring every deaf-mute in Ireland into personal interest in the every-day concerns of the community, and develop the intelligence of the sufferers. Thus may be brought into more close touch with their neighbours. But above and beyond this laudable ambition, the aim is to convey to the deaf and dumb a knowledge of the great truths which are calculated to lead them to the enjoyment of a future state in which no impediments experienced on earth will debar them from a full realization of the pleasures of a higher life. As we have said, the State has not done its duty, and some effort must be made by the Christian public to force their claims upon the Exchequer. While the Legislature has provided for numerous difficulties which present themselves to human sufferers, it has not gone far enough in this instance, and as everybody knows pressure must be exercised to bring about reform. The charitable public should use their influence in this direction. In the meantime funds should be voluntarily and unsparingly afforded to the mission in order that no one of the very small minority should suffer. The sermon of Mr. Herriek yesterday should be read to realize the nature of the good work aimed at by the guardians of the mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. B. Lloyd, of Westfield, N. Y., were made happy by the arrival of a bouncing daughter, on the 21st of this month, at the residence of the latter's parents, in Buffalo, N. Y.



# COLUMBUS.

## A Dramatic Entertainment.

## THE PUPILS BEGIN TO WEAR UNIFORMS.

## A Pleasant Birthday Party.

(From our Columbus correspondent.)

"Glad, Golden days! O, mystic haze, And all the swelling symphonies, Of ringing shout and childish mirth, The brown nuts falling to the earth, The scolding of a saucy jay, Ah, glories of an autumn sky! Of earthly paradise a type, The frost crowned woods, when nuts are ripe."

We caught the spirit of the lines quoted above during the week. Friday evening we boarded the train for Lancaster, a staid, historical town of Ohio, thirty miles southeast of Columbus. Nestled in the valley of the Hocking, surrounded on all sides by rising hills whose tops now decked with the golden and crimson foliage of stately trees, lends a scene which the artist with his brush and canvas delights to picture.

With basket and bag early morn found us climbing up and down the hills in a southern direction from the town in search of the brown nuts of the chestnut variety. Success was varied, but the exercise attained in climbing hills rather encouraged than diminished our enthusiasm in the search. Half-past eleven o'clock found us at the Boys' Industrial School six miles south of Lancaster. This is one of the largest Institutions for the reformation of wayward boys in the country—in fact, is the parent of them all. There are no high walls to fence in the boys and prevent their escape. The Institution is built on the family plan, and one not familiar with the place upon getting a sight of it, would take it for a small town. There are 750 boys registered at present. We saw them marching to dinner from their respective buildings and it was a sight that was interesting to behold. Their military step would have done credit to the soldiers of the regular army.

Leaving the farm we wended our way back towards Lancaster, reaching the town about six o'clock, and having all the nuts we could conveniently carry. Though tired from a fifteen-mile tramp over hill and dale, we were more than repaid by the grandeur of the scenes observed, the invigorating atmosphere inhaled, and the good supply of nuts that filled our bag and basket.

The entertainment this evening for the benefit of the Y. P. S. C. E. was well attended, and the play really first-class, considering the admission fee was so small.

Following is the cast:—

## "PRIDE GOETH BEFORE DESTRUCTION."

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Emperor William.....Ernst Philippot  
U. S. Ambassador to Germany.....  
Anthony Schwartz  
Valet to Emperor William.....Frank Rietman  
Servants to Emperor.....Harry O'Donnell  
Mezinkoff, the poor man.....William Desilver  
Matinka, the wronged wife.....Slava Snyder  
Kolma, the daughter, as a child.....  
Albertha Hannaford  
Michael, the son, as a child.....Willis Baker  
Princess Madolin.....Clara Lingie  
Her maids.....Hannah Ranz  
Kolma's playmates.....Nellie McNeice  
Granny, mother of Mezinkoff.....Winnie Jones  
Elizabeth Nooner  
Father Wandouff.....Charles Wasserstrom  
George, Matinka's brother.....George Bath  
Kolma, as a girl.....Kolma Jansen  
Michael, as a boy.....George Flick  
Mobs, Soldiers, etc.

The uniforming of the boys of which we have hitherto spoken, is beginning to show itself. The past week the orderlies and one or two others came out in suits which is to be the standard of the Institution. Concerning the matter, the *Dispatch* of this city says:

"The officials of the Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb have taken the preliminary steps to first of November, make pupils who attend that school. The change will make the pupils look more attractive and, it is believed, will result in saving money. The uniforms consist of a dark navy blue suit, with cap. The coat cut after the style of the Ohio State University, with brass buttons, containing the seal of the institution and the lettering: 'The Deaf and Dumb School, Columbus, Ohio.' The parents are able, they will be called upon to pay for the uniform, but when this cannot be done the county from which the pupils are sent will be required to pay the bill. The plain suits of the privates who are eighteen years old and upward are to cost \$9.50 and the officials' \$6.75, which includes the cap. The coats of the privates are single-breasted and the officials double-breasted, with two rows of buttons and the chevrons. When the pupils go out they will take their uniforms with them as private property. Three of these uniforms have been purchased and it is expected that they will have a company of twenty-four, with three officers, by the first of November."

Supervisor Lewis Plenniken is acting as Captain and the boys are becoming quite efficient in the military drill. He states that it is not proposed to make any radical changes in the dress of the pupils, but that uniforms will be purchased as new clothing is needed. The boys who have these new garments are very proud of them and they look as neat as a pin."

There is talk that in all probability the officers of the institution while on duty will don a uniform.

The first surprise party of the season was given Tuesday evening, and the person surprised was Mr. John Leib. The affair was engineered by his better half and she did it in a skillful manner. The day was his birthday. He was kept at home that evening on some pretext by his wife, who declared she needed his presence more than those at the printing office. While she was unfolding to him some details of business the kitchen, the following

# NEW YORK.

## The Congress of the Deaf Reviewed.

## UNION LEAGUERS ACTIVE.

Out of Town Visitors—T. Winifred on the Vasty Deep—The Ladies Give up their Club.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

A retrospect, with slight modifications, of topics discussed at the recent World's Congress of the deaf, held in Chicago, was the subject of Prof. Thomas F. Fox's discourse at the Brooklyn Society's meeting last Saturday evening.

Adelphi Hall's best room was used for the occasion. It is a luxuriously furnished apartment, covered with rich heavy carpet. Folding opera chairs seat the audience, and the illumination is almost perfect for a lecture in the sign language. Dark red plush-covered furniture adds to the general attractiveness of the room.

In a deaf-mute sense, the gathering was a good-sized one. With the members of the organization, there were some forty ladies and gentlemen present.

Prof. Fox was in a happy mood, and had prepared his manuscript so as to bring out the most interesting and vital points of the papers read at the congress. On the discussion that followed their perusal he dwelt very lightly, for the most part leaving the audience to form their own opinions. He gave a comprehensive idea of the progress made in deaf-mute education in Europe, and compared the same with the work accomplished in America. The progress made by the European deaf in the professions, trades, etc., were also made a point for comparison with that of the American deaf. In England, for instance, he found we were somewhat behind in up-to-date progressiveness. London boasted of a deaf-mute "cabby." Mr. Fox hoped for the day when New York could claim a deaf-mute "Jehu." Five of England's deaf people were in business as hostelry and inn keepers. In the more progressive trades and professions, Mr. Fox thought the American mute could hold his own. The fact there were several English deaf-mute dentists, impressed him there was a chance for the Yankee deaf to further extend his usefulness to his fellow men. Of mission work, Mr. Fox commented on the meaning applied to such work by the French and our own and other European countries. The Frenchman's love for the Abbe de l'Epee and Abbe Lambert, he considered a note worthy work of respect for their benefactors. The question of newspapers for the deaf was also a topic taken up. In France the deaf had a newspaper conducted by the deaf, published by the deaf and supported by the deaf, without any outside aid. England's representatives of the congress considered newspapers for the deaf of great benefit to the class. On the oral question, Mr. Fox was reticent in expressing an opinion on the papers read before the congress. He contented himself with giving the opinions of those who spoke on the question, and who were principally oral-taught graduates. The social status of the deaf was another topic. On the marriage question the congress seemed to agree in the deaf marrying the deaf. The Parisian view was somewhat handicapped by the French custom of match making. This was stated as the masculine opinion. Mr. Fox hoped the next congress would endeavor to get the opinions from the other side of the contracting forces.

His concluding remarks dwelt on the various side issues of the congress. The meeting of the college Alumni and the business discussed, the meeting of the Teachers' Association, the National Association meeting, and the Press Association of the deaf. With the Chicago banquet, he had no fault to find. It was a high storied affair, and to those not used to attending banquets was really grand. To experts, however, the prize plate would have furnished a sumptuous repast over here in New York or Brooklyn. The Chicago reception did not tally with our way of doing things. The grand moguls of the circus solicited more handshakes than a Tammany candidate would expect at a like gathering of his supporters in any of New York's districts. Alex. Pach's efforts to get the folks on their legs proved futile alongside the effort to have homage done the big guns by handshaking.

On concluding, Mr. Fox was greeted with applause, and received during the two hours he consumed in his talk, considerate attention. President Schnakenberg made a few remarks on the subject in his droll manner, after which, in the absence of the chairman, Mr. Thomas Godfrey reviewed the programme arranged for All Hallows' celebration the following Saturday. Among the audience may be mentioned: Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. John F. O'Brien, Miss Clara Davis, Miss Hannah Henry, Miss Maggie Gunshannon, Celia Schloss, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Mary Renwick,

Miss Eliza Mountain, Messrs. Leo Greis, Fred. Knox, Jas. F. Donnelly, Peter Redington, Harry Kane, Timothy McCarthy, John Taplin, Wm. Parker, and Rev. Anson T. Colt, who was detained until near the close of the lecture by clerical engagements, besides a good showing of the club's members.

Union League Club affairs are taking on an active turn. The meetings of the Club on Saturdays heretofore was temporary. Events have occurred that will permit their use of the Club rooms hereafter on Thursday evening, when they will hold their meetings.

Prof. Elendendorf's lecture on November 9th, promises to receive a large patronage. Comments to the contrary notwithstanding, the Union League is as united and as progressive as it ever was.

Miss Lena Lungwitz was the hostess at a little social gathering Saturday evening, just passed. She entertained her friends at her sister's home on Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn. The deaf-mutes and hearing contingent were equally pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

Copies of the *Deaf-Mutes Advocate* were distributed by its New York Correspondent among the Fifth Avenue Hotel's silent corner patrons on Sunday.

Dave Fox, the erstwhile coon hunter of Fanwood in the early eighties, is said to have secured work in a Six Avenue hostelry.

A dispatch to the *Sun* dated Utica, Oct. 21st, speaks of the "simple and unostentatious funeral ceremonies" over the remains of the Mrs. Roscoe Conkling. "There were no pall-bearers, eight mutes carrying the casket down the aisle." Do we understand the mutes were deaf people, or is that a name applied to the help hired by an undertaker?

Julius Maria has been doing some work for George Gould, a son of the late Jay Gould, at his residence, corner Fifth Avenue and Sixty-Ninth street. This speaks well for Mr. Maria's ability as an artist in terra cotta and plaster work. Customers like George Gould require everything done for them by first class artisans. Mr. Maria is employed by Tiffany & Co.

Thomas Grogan is having his good nature tested by a vexatious gum-bolt that appeared on his right cheek. His intimate friends say he has an awful cheek nowadays, and he smiles complacently, knowing it to be a verity.

The good Bob Livingstone, formerly of Bridgeport, Conn., started on his trip for Washington State on Monday, Oct. 23d. His last Sunday in the East for a good time to come was spent with friends in Gotham. On his way, he intends to see more of the big show at Chicago, perhaps making a week of it on Midway Plaisance. Leaving the Fairtown, he goes as fast as a locomotive will carry him to Everett, Washington State. Here he will plant his tent, and as soon as convenient, proceed to business. Hop raising will be his hobby, from which he hopes to accumulate a comfortable fortune, and at the same time expects to receive from that vicinity's climate, some relief from a throat trouble with which he is affected. Rob's friends hope his path will be a pleasant and prosperous one.

John Muth, also of Bridgeport, was visiting friends in town on Sunday, arriving here Saturday evening. Mr. Muth is authority for the information Mr. and Mrs. Ould, recent additions to Los Angeles, Cal., are happy as the day is long. They find everything in the Golden State meeting their expectations, and are not at all anxious to return East again.

Tom Brown was aboard the "Al. Foster" the Fishing Banks boat, on the third day of the recent yacht race. Tom's veracity on foul balls, fair balls and that kind of business has never been questioned. He says the sea swept over the upper decks of the Al. Foster, and coming along Twenty-third Street on Oct. 22d, compared the height of the Eden Musee to the height of the waves. Despite this, he did not get sea-sick, but you would have to hire a New York Central engine to get Tom out past Sandy Hook again.

Miss Essie Spanton and brother have been in Chicago, seeing the World's Fair. They were with the throng at the Manhattan Day Celebration, as were also Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet.

A stereopticon lecture is to be given by Rev. Father Stadelman in St. Francis Xavier's College, Nov. 19th. A new organization will be formed after services next Sunday, when further details of the affair will be made known. The instructive services last Sunday, were largely attended. Mr. James Russell spoke on the life of St. Theresa.

The father of Wm. Fomire, who is a G. A. R. man living in Saratoga, N. Y., was among the fifty most popular members of the G. A. R., voted for through the *N. Y. Press*. For being such, Mr. Fomire receives a free trip to the World's Fair.

Mr. Robert Harth's father is seriously ill with Dropsy. Little is expected that he will recover.

Mrs. Henry, who recently resigned as matron of the N. Y. Institution, is said to have been appointed to a like position in the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane.

Mr. Allen, a brother-in-law of Prof. Weeks, of the Hartford School, was among the audience who saw Prof. Wm. G. Jones discourse at St. Ann's Church Sunday.

Dear Girls! Now it's real mean. We had hoped for better results. At their meeting held on Monday a week ago, they decided the puzzling para-

graphs of *Cushing's* horrid. Therefore they moved to adjourn, and no one suggesting anything better, they adjourned. The project of a young ladies organization of deaf-mutes has been indefinitely postponed.

A "special" of the Fanwood Quad Club will be held this Saturday evening, Oct. 27th. The Savings Fund Association will be considered in its entirety. A report of the entertainment committee is hoped for. Consequently it is supposed the attendance will come within the fortieth mark.

Joseph Glosque, a man of extensive knowledge in agricultural pursuits, was a city visitor on Sunday. He won distinction some years ago by the aptitude he displayed in constructing Walter Peet's dog kennels. At present he is employed as gardener by Dr. I. L. Peet.

MONTAGUE TIGG  
Edgewood Park, Pa.

Last week John C. Melvaine, a graduate of this school and of the college, was in circulation among friends in Wilkesburg and vicinity besides paying his *Alma Mater* a visit. He looks well and bears the honor of "B. A." with becoming grace and dignity.

Rumor hath it that he will soon locate in Homestead, where he has secured a position in the office of the Carnegie Steel Works. If this be verified, we hope he will not hide his light under a bushel as a certain "grad" of old Kendall has been doing, not a hundred miles from this flourishing borough.

Mr. Harah, who but recently lost his official head by the political axe in Kansas, dropped in on us one day this week. He doesn't seem to look any the worse for being "dropped" so suddenly. We hope he will soon be able to find a niche in which to display his talent, if, indeed, the wheel of fortune does not enable him to get back into his old place in the Kansas school. His interest in the work deserves recognition.

Of late quite a number of our graduates have visited the school, among them Miss Alice Winch and Mr. R. C. Wall. Miss Winch has just returned from a visit to Cleveland, and was very liberal in her praise of that beautiful city. Mr. Wall, who was one of our earliest pupils at Turtle Creek, has been making his mark in the bicycle business in Pennsylvania's metropolis, as is well known. He is now in business by himself, and wheels of his own manufacture will soon be on the market. His visit was altogether too short.

Football is the all-absorbing sport among our boys just now. To hear them talk one would suppose they intended to wipe out the records of all the important clubs in this part of the State. But that is all right when youth is full of untiring vigor. They will discover how they really stand soon enough.

The teachers met in the library of the Institution last Tuesday, and listened to a paper, by Mr. Roberts, on the time-honored subject, "Signs: Their Use and Abuse." We cannot say that we came away with much more enlightenment than we had previous to the meeting. Probably that was on account of our obtuseness or failure to "catch on" while the discussion was being switched off onto the various side tracks. What was the proper use of signs, and what their abuse, did not manifest themselves, as far as we could ascertain.

"Free Lance" seems to have a machine gun loaded with interrogation points, and some time ago he made us the target for his pot-hooks, some of which fairly sizzled with the force of their projections. It is rather late to take up those questions, but as we are only an "occasional," "Free Lance" will surely pardon us.

Now, why not ask Mr. Crouter yourself whether he will ever modify his views on the oral question? It will be just as easy for you as for us, and you seem to be far more concerned than we are. We would suggest, however, that when you enter the list, you be sure your lance is free, and your position firm; for you are liable to run up against something pretty solid; for, I take it, Mr. Crouter is not likely to answer in a hurry; at least not until he is tolerably sure which way the cat is going to jump. He won't be unhorsed at the first onslaught, if you meet him on a pony with diminutive lance.

For any one but an ignoramus in deaf-mute affairs to doubt that Mr. Crouter is a friend of the deaf, appears ridiculous, and it seems absurd to answer such a question. All who can not hear are the deaf, not just those who use signs, and if Mr. Crouter can educate a larger percentage of the deaf by oral methods than has been done in the past, he deserves to be ranked as one of the very best friends of the deaf. No one is in a better position to judge this matter than he, and those who know him cannot doubt his honesty of purpose. He would be false to himself and false to his charge if he did not adopt what he considered the best. Under Mr. C.'s management the Philadelphia School has continually advanced until she is among the very best in the land. This alone ought to prove him a very earnest friend of the deaf. He is not likely to see his school degenerate.

Wise men, as a rule, rectify their errors more by their own experience and judgment than by the voluntary advice of others, no matter how pertinent it may be, and we think it safe to let Mr. Crouter solve the problem as he understands it. We think the deaf will not suffer at his hands.

G. M. T.

# CHICAGO.

## On Trial for Killing a Deaf-Mute.

## A GOOD APPOINTMENT

Bitten by a Watch-Dog—World's Fair Visitors.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

Last May 7th, John Connelly, a mute about 40 or 50 years of age, and a hostler by trade, went into Curtis L. Shepherd's saloon at 1091 West Lake Street and ordered a drink. The saloon-keeper gave him short change, and upon Connelly's demanding the balance due him the liquor dispenser got a sauce-pan and made for the mute. Connelly ran into the backyard, but Shepherd followed and in the fight which followed Connelly's skull was fractured by being struck by the sauce-pan. He was taken to the hospital where he died the following day. Shepherd is at present on trial for this offense. Connelly was not known to any great extent among the younger contingent of the deaf, but the older element has some recollections of him.

I am glad to hear of the appointment of Edward Purcell Cleary, of Cincinnati, to the place on the Jacksonville corps of teachers left vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Philip Jr. Hasenstab. Mr. Cleary first began his school life under Prof. Robert McGregor, one of the most energetic and most of the rough teachers of the deaf it has been my lot to have seen, and then took a course under Prof. James Dennison at Kendall Green, and graduated from the College with honors. Since leaving the College he established a large school for the Catholic mutes in Cincinnati, and filled his duties in a first-class manner, much better than a good many teachers can be said to have. Jacksonville is to be congratulated upon its acquisition.

One of the leading lights of a certain church for the mutes was arrested last week for abusing his wife, but the case was compromised before the Police Justice had a chance to take a shy at it. This is by no means the first time that the man has shown a want of chivalry toward his better half, and the sequel of the present case may end in the divorce court. If the man repeats his offense he will be expelled from the Pas-a-Pas Club and his name published in the *JOURNAL*.

While one of Charley Sullivan's boys was washing down the sidewalk in front of his employer's place on Randolph Street, a neighboring dealer remonstrated and when young Sullivan at the command of his employer persisted, he was assaulted and severely used up. The assailant was tried in the police court and fined \$50 for his diversion. An appeal was taken.

One of the city papers had among its "North-western Notes" this squib: Ole Olson, a deaf-mute, and Arthur Hohnanthorn, 20 years of age, were killed on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The latter was stealing a ride on the brakero.

No one seems to know Olson here, and the paper failed to state at what place the accident happened.

John White was carrying his arm in a sling for a few days during the last week through a watch dog's over-zeal in his master's interests. White was going to his place of employment, and in going in before the employer had come was attacked and his arm lacerated by the dog. He was laid off only a few days, as his injuries were luckily slight.

Mrs. John Beardsley and daughter, Miss Alice Beardsley, of Offerle, Kas., were taking in the fair last week. Mrs. Beardsley was one of the old-time pupils of Dr. Gillett, was married here, went to Kansas and raised a family of children and helped her husband to amass a competence.

Robert E. Bray, who has been for the last year running a decorative studio here, is said to have secured the position of drawing master at the Belleville (Ont.) School for the Deaf. Mr. Bray is a cultured gentleman, and has evinced a great degree of ability in his line of business.

Mrs. Frank H. Marker, of Indianapolis, Ind., visited here last week and was being shown around by Miss Aarenson. Mrs. Marker was formerly the widow of the ill-fated, Hibbard who was before his death on the rail one of the brightest mutes in Michigan.

Bert Wortman, "our own Bert of Cincinnati," took in the fair this week through a brand new, Brazilian-people-dance. Bert is the same old Cincinnati boy, albeit he does to some extent part his hair with a towel.

Fred Flora and John Neumayer, of Aurora, Ill., are here on a visit. Mr. Neumayer has secured a remunerative job in a tinner's shop on the West Side and will remove his family here.

Thomas Booth and wife, and John E. Motter, of Garnett, Kas., are in the city doing the fair, and while here are stopping with Mr. Neumayer, who is a brother-in-law to Mrs. Booth.

Miss Amelia Clark, of Vicksburg, Mich., is paying an extended visit to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morton, of West Superior Street. Miss Clark may become acclimated in the Chicago Society for good.

Mrs. Jesse Cross, of Waterford, Ind., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ethelbert D. Hunter, of Best Avenue, and Mr. Cross joined his wife during the course of this week.

Caddie Washburn, of Minneapolis, was seen at the Fair, en route home from New York, and it is said that Editor Hill, of Athol, Mass., has also been here.

Hugh R. Drake, of Milwaukee, renewed his acquaintance with a large number of Indiana schoolmates Sunday, who happen to be in the city.

Fred. M. Stephens, of Flora, Ill., is circulating among old friends here.

Ovid Cohen and B. J. Hartman, of Erie, Pa., are doing the fair.

J. H. Heeke, of Richmond, Va., is visiting here.

BOHEME.

## PHILADELPHIA.

Last Thursday evening the members of All Souls' Working People's Club spent a very enjoyable time in the monthly social meeting, under the management of the Social Committee—Chairman Delp, Misses Cora Ford and Eisele—who showed unceasing and zealous efforts in making the gathering a success. There was a larger attendance of members and friends at the gathering than the year before. It shows that they appreciated the work of the plucky committee. Several very amusing games were heartily participated in by the members. A nice collation, comprising lemonade and cakes, was served. Miss Della Robinson, Mrs. Thos. E. Jones, Mrs. Dennis and James Oakes, Mrs. Joseph Vancourtland, who had not been seen at the club for a long time, were there.

Mr. Alex. Pach, of Easton, Pa., was at the club on business for a few minutes, and had to go to catch the homeward train. We regretted his short stay. He should try to spend an evening with the club, whenever he drops in town.

The committee on lectures, literary exercises, etc., has arranged this following programme for the next month, as thus: Oct. 26.—Reading, by Mrs. Margaret J. Syle, on "Ten Nights in a bar-room"; Nov. 2.—Essay by Wm. H. Lipsett, on "Cremation" (Discussion by members); Nov. 9.—Lecture, by Robt. M. Zeigler, A.B., on "Historical Relics at the World's Fair"; Nov. 16.—A literary entertainment; Nov. 23.—Social gathering; and Nov. 30.—A sort of Thanksgiving Day entertainment, to be tendered under the auspices of the Pastoral Aid Society, for the benefit of the church.

The committee on lectures, literary exercises, etc., comprise Messrs. Wm. H. Lipsett, chairman, James S. Reider and Robert M. Zeigler, with President Fortescue.

The membership of All Souls' Club, as well as the mental welfare of the members, seem to be much better than that of the past year, according to the zealous work of the standing committees, and it is believed that the club will provide several better and more pleasing programmes for this year.

Mr. Theodore Natter, a florist, went over with his uncle to New York City last evening, in order to buy a new suit of clothes.

Mr. John E. Paul's mother and sister came from Boston, Mass., two weeks ago, to visit John's sister in West Philadelphia. They bade "Good Bye" to this city last Saturday and returned home to Boston, with the expectation of coming here again.

## A FOOTBALL TEAM OF MUTES.

The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Mount Airy, has a much stronger football team in the field this season than last year. It is composed of the following members: Flowers, Hill, McGucken, Williams, Davis, Snyder, Harper, Hutchinson, Schantz, Bugler, Givler and Levan. The first six are members of the class of '94. Hutchinson is captain and Davis manager. The first game played will be with the team of the Mount Airy Country Club.

It was a great surprise to your correspondent to note the unusually large attendance of deaf-mutes in the Bible classes at All Souls' Church yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Syle and Lay-Reader Fortescue, are very earnest Bible teachers.

Lay-Reader Fortescue conducted the service in All Souls' Church yesterday afternoon, while Rev. Mr. Koehler was engaged in itinerant mission work among the Deaf in and around Lancaster, Pa.

The home of Mr. Mrs. Wm. F. Durian, formerly pupils of the Fanwood Institution, was full of joy and music last Wednesday evening, when the hospitable host and hostess admitted a hairless, hatless, shoeless, garmentless little stranger, as a new inmate of their household. Mr. Durian's smile became very wide and his heart beat with much glee, because he is, once more, a "Daddy" of boy-baby No. 3—weight 10 pounds. Mother and baby are doing very well. They have our congratulations.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 28, 1893.

## THE RECORDER.

E. A. Garlock, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Simeon T. Garlock, of Gloversville, N. Y., who has for the past year been employed by the Singer Manufacturing Company, at Dayton, O., as Special Agent, has been transferred to Albany, N. Y., in which city he assumes charge of the city management.



